

**DID NOT CAUSE DEATH OF SINGER, TOTTEN SAYS**  
Held in \$5,000 Bail for Giving Mrs. Tristram Poison, He Asserts Innocence.

**OTHERS OUT ON BOND, TOO**

**Officials Say They Have Strong Case—Conflicting Stories To Be Thrashed Out at the Inquest.**

Thomas J. Totten, a wealthy real estate dealer, arrested Saturday night at his home in Tynedale avenue, Riverdale, because of the death of Mrs. Alice Margaret Tristram Shanks, died from drinking carbolic acid Sunday week, denied last night that he caused the Irish singer's death.

"I am innocent," said Totten. "There is no foundation for the charge. I never poured out the carbolic acid that Mrs. Shanks drank. I have engaged counsel and am sure I'll be cleared of this charge."

But Captain Price, of the Bronx detective bureau, who looked up the case that resulted in the arrest of Totten and the others who sat at the table in the Van Cortlandt Park, and Coroner Shonk, who refused to accept the police theory of suicide, declared they had sufficient evidence to convict Totten.

"We have positive proof that Totten brought the bottle of poison from the basement of the hotel," said Captain Price last night. "I am not prepared to say now that all of Totten's companions knew he poured out the acid, but there was no reason why they shouldn't. It goes without saying that Totten did not know the bottle contained poison. It bore a vermilion label and Totten never thought it contained a sufficient amount of almost pure carbolic acid. It was all intended as a joke."

It was learned yesterday that Totten was arrested chiefly on the evidence of a resident of Spuyten Duyvil named Charles Luca. He sat at the same table with Totten and Mrs. Shanks, and apart from Edward J. Gallagher, an employee in the Controller's office, was the only member of the party who did not drink. His evidence corroborated that of Charles Hall, who served the party with drinks, and who was the first to be arrested.

The police felt they were on the right track on the receipt of two unsigned letters from persons who were in the hotel when Mrs. Shanks took the poison. The contents of these letters were not made public by Coroner Shonk, who has them. And when Captain Price and the men who were working under him—Lieutenant Wines and Detectives Flynn and O'Meara—found Totten Saturday morning the warrants for Totten and the others were issued. Luca is said to have been out of town since the death of Mrs. Shanks.

Totten faces a charge of manslaughter. The others are accused of being accessories. They are Lieutenant John J. McCarthy, of the West 123d street police station; Edward J. Gallagher, of the Controller's office; Darsey Totten, a brother of the principal; Joseph Crimmins, a stenographer, and William Lape, a barista. All live within a stone's throw of the scene of the Irish singer's death.

From the first efforts were made to conceal the true facts in the case. Police of the Kingsbridge station said the case was one of suicide. They had only three names of people as witnesses to the suicide. Neither of the Tottens was on the list, and by an equally strange coincidence Lieutenant McCarthy's name was not there. McCarthy was formerly assigned to the Kingsbridge station.

Reporters who first revealed the woman's identity, were informed by the Kingsbridge police that the witnesses in the case were "natives of Kingsbridge." They were assured that they knew nothing about the case. The proprietor of the hotel, John P. O'Connell, said at first he believed the party was from the Bronx. He said he did not know where the bottle of acid came from, though his wife told the coroner it came from the basement.

Mrs. Shanks was the wife of a wealthy mineral water manufacturer of Dublin, and the daughter of Canon Tristram, of that city, who formerly was private chaplain to the Duke of Connaught. She was related to Sir Thomas Glenn-Coats, M. P. of Ferguslie Park, Paisley, Scotland.

From the arrival of Mrs. Shanks in this country, on September 18 last, she stayed chiefly at the Hotel Carlton. Her bills were regularly by Miss Winifred Glenn-Coats, believed to be a daughter of Sir Thomas, who also sent her remittances. Mrs. Shanks sought to get on the vaudeville stage after vain endeavors to obtain work as a concert or choir singer, and had a successful tryout on a Broadway road garden the Friday before her death. She was to have started on the road the Monday following.

An inquest will be held to-night by Coroner Shonk. Totten is now out in \$5,000 bail. The others were also released immediately after their arrest on bonds of \$5,000.

**THE BRONX TO START SUBWAYS.**

People of The Bronx will celebrate to-day the beginning of actual construction work on the first section in The Bronx of the proposed third subway system, which eventually will link that borough with Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond.

Ground will be broken at 11 o'clock in the morning at the intersection of the Public Service Commission and other officials and a representative of The Bronx will make addresses.

**DEBATE ON STAGE CHILDREN.**

The League for Political Education has arranged for a discussion on "The Employment of Children on the Stage" to be held on Tuesday, December 5, at 10:30 o'clock, in the Hudson Theatre. Miss Agnes Repplier and Augustus Thomas will present the affirmative and Miss Jane Addison and Owen R. Lovejoy will speak against the employment of children on the stage.

**SANTA CLAUS IS LIKELY TO FORGET.**

Many homes where unavoidable misfortune has occurred will be cheerless unless the A. L. C. sends Santa Claus to them.

A contribution of any size can be used in sending Christmas cheer into any home that Santa would be likely to forget.

Here are a few suggestions:

\$100 will send Santa Claus to 40 poor homes, with a Christmas dinner for each, and a toy for every child.

\$50 will send a Christmas basket and a half-ton of coal to 10 families.

\$25 will bring Christmas to 10 boys and girls, with a warm winter dress or school suit and a winter cap for each.

\$10 will send warm gloves, mittens, caps and stockings to 25 girls and boys.

\$5 will put warm winter overcoats on six schoolboys.

\$10 will buy 7 Christmas packages, each containing a warm sweater for some one who goes to school.

\$5 will send baskets with substantial dinner to 2 poor homes on Christmas Day.

\$2 will make a little girl happy and contented with a suit of warm underwear and a doll.

Send contributions to:

ROBERT C. MINTERS, Treasurer, Room 217, 105 East 32nd Street, NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR, R. FULTON CUTTING, President.

**WOMAN KILLED BY BANDITS**  
Shot Was Aimed at Husband—He Accuses Chauffeur.

Chicago, Dec. 3.—Mrs. Edith Kaufman, thirty-one years old, was shot and killed here late last night by robbers, who, dismounting from an automobile, attempted to hold up the young woman and her husband. The latter showed resistance, and one of the robbers fired the shot which killed Mrs. Kaufman. However, she was instantly killed. The assailants then escaped in their automobile.

Mrs. Kaufman and her husband, Edmund Kaufman, were returning from the opera and were directly in front of their home, on the North Side, when the automobile came up behind them and stopped at the curb. Four men were in the machine, and two of them got out.

One commanded the Kaufmans to hold up their hands. Mrs. Kaufman, frightened, stepped back, and her husband moved toward the robbers to protect her. Fearing an armed resistance because Mr. Kaufman moved his hand toward his pocket, the robber fired twice.

Mrs. Kaufman fell to the sidewalk, shot in the right temple, and the robbers jumped back in the automobile, and the machine went north in Sheridan Road at a high speed.

Kaufman is a commission merchant. His wife wore valuable jewelry, and it is the husband's idea the robbers were after the gems. He said that when his wife stepped back and screamed he advanced toward the men and offered them his money if they would not frighten his wife with the revolver. She ran to him, and it was then the robbers shot.

Kaufman declared today that William C. Guttenberg, his former chauffeur, arrested as a suspect, was the slayer of Mrs. Kaufman.

"That's the man," shouted Kaufman, and sprang at Guttenberg. Policemen were required to restrain him. Guttenberg denied that he was one of the party of hold-up men. The police take Kaufman's possible identification with some reserve because of his nervous condition.

Five other men were arrested to-day on suspicion and are held for examination.

**THE "BOSTON GIRLS" HELD**  
Pittsburgh Women Appear Against Girls.

Mrs. Jane Moore Dravo, of Pittsburgh, who is staying at the Hotel Plaza, with her husband, daughter and niece, appeared in the Jefferson Market court this morning against two girls.

She charged with stealing \$25 from her handbag in the elevator of a Fifth avenue child-dress shop, which she entered on Saturday afternoon. She proved a calm and sure witness, though subjected to a long and minute cross-examination by the counsel for the defendants.

With her in court was her husband, who took no part in the examination; their daughter, Betty, who is seventeen, and the strikingly pretty niece. The niece stood in the hallway leading to the magistrate's private room throughout the examination, and the daughter remained with her mother in the room where she was called to the witness stand.

The prisoners gave their names as Florence Stein and Annie Cohen. According to Detective Cassara, of the Central Office, who arrested them, they are known in police annals as the "Boston girls" and are notorious pickpockets.

Counsel for the girls asked for an adjournment before putting in their defense, and Chief Magistrate Macdonald held them in \$500 bail for further examination to-morrow.

**500 MASONS HEAR RABBI**  
Uses King Solomon for Text of His Sermon in Temple Emanuel.

More than five hundred members of the order of Free and Accepted Masons, representing every lodge in New York, were present yesterday at Temple Emanuel, where they were addressed by Rabbi J. Silverman, himself a past grand chaplain of the order.

Silverman's subject was "What King Solomon Did for Humanity." Among the more prominent Masons present were Grand Master Robert J. Kenworthy, Grand Secretary Colonel Edward Ehlers, Grand Treasurer William H. Miller, Grand Steward Jacob C. Vreeland, Grand Marshal J. C. Klineck, Nathan Cohen, grand representative of Cuba, and Henry A. Patterson, grand representative of Scotland. Rabbi Silverman said, in part:

It is no secret that we as Masons are interested in the life and calling of King Solomon. Why should we not be? Grand institutions grow out of grand personalities. Judaism, Mohammedanism, Christianity, from Jesus to St. Paul, there is much to be learned from a review of the inner and outer life of Solomon, for he affected not only his own time, his people, Israel, but has exerted an influence that has shaped many factories of civilization. He left a material and spiritual heritage that has benefited Israel and humanity at large.

Solomon followed no example—made a path for himself. After Solomon ascended the throne, being averse to war and not inclined to follow the rather pretentious fortunes of Saul or David on the battlefield, the young king undertook by marriage into the royal families of the nations around him to strengthen his position and that of Israel. In this manner formed friendly and helpful alliances. The army of Israel had always been small, and that fact was the source of its weakness. Solomon increased his army and put it on a war footing. This, said Dr. Silverman, insured Israel's safety from attack.

**EMMA GOLDMAN AT HARVARD**  
Anarchist Guest of Samuel Atkins Eliot, Jr., at Dinner.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.) Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 3.—The now celebrated Pankhurst agitation at Harvard was last night of to-day when Samuel Atkins Eliot, Jr., grandson of ex-president Charles W. Eliot, gave the conservative element of the undergraduate body an unexpected jolt by appearing at the Harvard Union with Miss Emma Goldman as his guest for dinner.

The pair walked into the large dining hall, and the unusual appearance of a woman dining there caused a general eruption of necks. The news of the visitor's identity spread so quickly when the couple were joined later by Dr. Rejzman, Miss Goldman's manager, and other students known for their socialist tendencies.

After the meal came a discussion of anarchism, young Eliot and Miss Goldman addressing each other as "comrade." Miss Goldman assured her student admirers that she would return to Harvard at a later date and speak before the members of the Harvard Socialist Club. Mr. Eliot, unlike his grandfathers, is a believer in socialism, suffrage and unionism. He is secretary of both the Harvard Socialist Club and the Harvard Equal Suffrage League.

**"PANKHURST TREATMENT BAD"**  
Mr. Villard Says Harvard Lacked Courtesy, Chivalry and Good Taste.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 3.—Discussing the refusal of Harvard University authorities to allow Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the British suffragette, to use Sanders Theatre for a lecture, the college daily will print to-morrow a letter from Oswald Garrison Villard, a Harvard alumnus and president of the New York Evening Post Publishing Company.

"How could Harvard be so lacking in courtesy, chivalry and good taste," asks Mr. Villard, "as to refuse to let her in our finest hall? Must our university assume toward this noblest of the battle for political freedom the same blind, reactionary attitude to which it held to its disgrace throughout the struggle for the abolition of human slavery in America?"

**B. G. HUGHES RIDES FREE**  
Gratifies Old Grudge Against the Street Railway System.

Gratifying old grudges against the street railway system, B. G. Hughes, a former street car conductor, rode free today on the city's public transit system.

**SIMPLICITY HIS METHOD**  
Two Conductors Mystified at Conduct of Elderly Man on Their Cars.

Yes, he has come and done it again! B. G. Hughes, American perpetual joker, yesterday achieved one of his greatest efforts in the joke-smith's line. The man who has paraded streetcar horses before astute judges of horse flesh at Madison Square Garden, on the ground that they were imported hackneys, thereby winning the blue ribbon; the same individual who pulled off an ordinary monkey cat at the cat show as an animal with a yard-long lineage and got away with it; he it was who yesterday reached the zenith of his joking career. He beat the street-car corporation out of a nickel.

Mr. Hughes has disclosed his secret to the world that rides on elevated, surface and subway lines, and he says anybody is welcome to its use. He has tried it, and he knows it can be done.

A well-dressed, elderly man, whose presence bespoke wealth, yesterday boarded a south-bound Third avenue street car up town. He paid his fare to the conductor and took a seat among other passengers, taking the precaution first to get a transfer. As the car approached first street he asked the conductor if his transfer was good on the 53d street cross-town line.

The conductor told him no transfers were good on the cross-town line, and continued collecting fares from other passengers. He did not see the unholly smile that flitted across the elderly man's face. Others did, and wondered.

At 53d street the well-dressed passenger got off and waited for a westbound 53d street car. When it came he got in and took a seat among two other passengers. The transfer he had received from the Third avenue line conductor he held in his right hand, near the top of the paper he was reading.

The conductor, red-headed and energetic, advanced through the car, demanding fares. His flow of nickels was suddenly stopped by the passenger, who reached the seat occupied by the prosperous-looking man.

"Pardon, please," he yelled in the elderly man's ear, while his horny hand was shoved under that person's nose.

The passenger then addressed calmly continued reading his paper. Others on the car began to titter, and the conductor grew red in the face. Again he asked for the fare, and the elderly man began to titter. This time he took a nickel from his shoulder.

Suddenly a light of intelligence shone on the well-dressed man's face, he smiled blandly and offered his transfer. The conductor fairly snorted as he refused the bit of paper and demanded cash. The elderly man had again subsided behind his newspaper, apparently oblivious to his surroundings.

An apologetic flush now suffused the conductor's face. He found it difficult to breathe, but he managed to make it known that no transfers were acceptable on his line.

The obstinate passenger finally laid down his paper and took from his pockets a small pad and pencil, on which he scribbled: "Aren't transfers good on this line?"

The conductor thought he understood then, and wrote on the pad the single word "No!"

With a weary look the man with the pad wrote "Why?"

The conductor restrained himself with exceeding difficulty this time, and jotted down the oracular statement: "Because they ain't that's why."

The silent passenger took his pencil in hand again and wrote: "They used to be good on this line, didn't they?"

"Well, they ain't any more," said the conductor, who began to give a little "How long since?" asked the smiling man in the car.

Other people on the car thought the conductor was going to strangle because of his emotion. He began to give a little "How long since?" asked the smiling man in the car.

"Up from his seat rose the well-dressed passenger. He advanced toward the conductor with careful deliberation. He grasped his cane more firmly in his gloved hand, and he turned toward the perspiring conductor.

"Will you kindly step this car at the 53d street," he said, in tones that boomed and echoed through the length and breadth of the car.

The conductor took off his cap and scratched his flaming head.

"Well, if that don't beat all! Stung again he gurgled, and every passenger joined in the laugh that followed.

On the street the prosperous-looking man handed a visiting card to a fellow passenger who asked his identity. It read: "Brian G. Hughes, America." Mr. Hughes had long borne a grudge against the street railway system.

**SAYS WILSON IS STRONGEST**  
Sen. Vardaman Believes Republicans Will Name Roosevelt.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.) Mobile, Dec. 3.—Senator-elect James K. Vardaman, of Mississippi, passed through Mobile to-day on his way to Brewton, Ala., and while here said that he was just finishing a tour of seventeen states, and that from his observations in all probability Theodore Roosevelt would be nominated by the Republicans as the Republican leader are of the opinion that Taft cannot possibly be elected the second time.

Mr. Vardaman said that he sincerely hoped that President Taft would be nominated again, because he is above the weak and the socialist Republicans could get it. I believe, on the whole, the Democrats can elect a President in a walk. From what I have seen on my tour I think that among the Progressive Democrats Woodrow Wilson is the strongest. There will be a very strong effort to force Harmon to the front at once, and Champ Clark has a great many friends. Personally, I prefer Clark, but at this time Wilson and Harmon are in the lead. Harmon has the support of the old Cleveland wing," said Senator Vardaman.

**PLACES WILSON IN FIELD**  
Hackensack Democracy Asks for Space on Primary Ballot.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.) Hackensack, N. J., Dec. 3.—The Hackensack Democracy has discovered a section of the new Jersey law which allows that in this state may file a petition with the Secretary of State on or before the first day of April in any year in which a President of the United States is to be chosen, requesting that the name of the person inducted in the petition as a candidate for President shall be printed upon the official primary ballot.

Believing that Bergen County was a good place to start such a movement, Alexander Hackensack presented a petition for signatures which has been passed upon by the State Department at Trenton as being in the proper form. One clause reads: "We endorse the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, now Governor of the State of New Jersey, as candidate for the office of President of the United States, and we request that you print upon the official election ballot to be used at the primary election to be held on the fourth Tuesday in May, 1912, the name of the said Woodrow Wilson as a candidate of the said party for the office of President of the United States."

Nearly all the members of the club have signed the petition, headed by President Robert Blake.

**KIDNAPS FIANCEE'S CHILD**  
Touching Story Develops When Boy Is Stolen in Brooklyn.

A strange romance came to light yesterday when Frederick Meyer, thirty-six years old, a driver, living at No. 159 17th street, Brooklyn, was arraigned in the Fifth Avenue Police Court, Brooklyn, on a charge of kidnapping Bernard Dolan, the seven-year-old grandson of Mrs. Margaret Doering, of No. 372 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn. The case was adjourned until this morning, and Meyer was released in \$5,000 bail, furnished by his father, August Meyer, a wholesale produce dealer, of Manhattan.

Mrs. Doering was shopping late Saturday night when Meyer and another man came up to her at the corner of Fifth avenue and 6th street, Brooklyn.

"That's the child," said Meyer to the stranger, who picked up the boy and started away with him. Mrs. Doering's screams attracted Patrolman James McCarthy, of the Fifth avenue station, but the stranger said to McCarthy:

"It's all right, officer. I'm a policeman myself," and flashed some sort of a shield. He went away with the child, but Mrs. Doering managed to tell her story before Meyer left her, and the policeman took him to the station house.

William Doering, a lithographer, and grandfather of the child, does not live with his wife, but instead resides with Frederick Meyer, who is his nephew. He told a strange story of the affair last night.

"The child belongs to my daughter, Maud," he said. "It was born seven years ago in Lancaster, Penn., where we were well known and respected. My daughter was not married when the child was born, and the notoriety of it finally drove her from the village. She went to Charleston, S. C., where she was a teacher in an industrial school for three years. Then she came to New York as a waitress in a restaurant, at the same time studying stenography and typewriting at night. She was making a hard fight, poor girl. Finally, after numerous little jobs, she got work with a big insurance company and was doing well."

"In the mean time," he continued, "my wife, my daughter Irene and I had moved to Brooklyn from Lancaster, bringing the child with us, though we did not know where our daughter was working. My wife where Maud was in New York. My wife found out where she worked and sent Irene to tell Maud's employers the whole story. They fired Maud at once. This happened several times and I tried to stop it. I stuck by Maud, and finally things got so bad that I left my wife and Irene and went to live with Frederick Meyer."

"Maud went to Blackwell's Island and studied nursing, graduating a year or two ago at the head of her class. Then she went to Swinburn Island as a nurse, hoping to keep out of sight of her mother. Later she came to Manhattan, where she is now a nurse in a big hospital. A man named James Kelly loves her. He told her he was a police sergeant. When he wanted to marry her she told him her story. He loved her. He was the man who took the child away from Mrs. Doering. Maud had heard it was being badly treated, and as she had saved a little money she wanted it with her. That's all."

Meyer mentioned in court yesterday morning that the child was with its mother, and this Doering confirmed. Detectives went to the Madison avenue station, Manhattan, last night, to look for a police sergeant named Kelly, but said they could find no policeman of any rank of that name. Mrs. Doering laughed at the stories of bad treatment of the child.

**SOCIALISTS TO SPEAK HERE.**  
Mayor-elect George R. Lunn of Schenectady will speak at the socialist meeting this evening in Carnegie Hall.

Herbert M. Merrill, Assembly member from the Schenectady district, will also speak. The general subject of discussion will be "The Rising Tide of Socialism."

**CHANGE IN UNITARIAN SERVICE**  
Boston, Dec. 3.—Services in Unitarian churches throughout the world will undergo a change, as a result of action taken by the leaders of the denomination at its headquarters, in this city. A revision of the service book, the hymnal and the pastors' handbook is to be made by a committee of clergymen and laymen of the American Unitarian Association, and within a year the new service will be inaugurated in a majority of the churches.

President Samuel A. Eliot of the association is at the head of the committee having the matter in charge.

**THROWS KISS; ENDS LIFE**  
August Schliermacher, War Veteran, Arranges Own Funeral.

In a dingy room of a tenement house in 5th street a veteran of the Civil War, a sergeant at Gettysburg, killed himself yesterday because he found that the ill of old age, combined with asthma, were getting the better of him.

With the same fortitude with which he bore himself through a hundred engagements this man, August Schliermacher, calmly arranged for his own burial, for the notification of his relatives and comrades and for his death. Then he sat himself in a chair near the window looking out on that portion of 5th street which had been his daily view for eight years, took up an old-fashioned revolver and shot himself through the heart.

August Schliermacher had lived alone in the front room on the ground floor of No. 356 5th street for something more than eight years. His pension, together with his small savings, amply provided for him, as his tastes were simple. In a small way he was a dispenser of charity for the neighborhood, largely among the children, with whom he was a great favorite.

For several years he had suffered from asthma and rheumatism, and lately had begun to complain to his friends that he could not stand it much longer. He was seventy-two years old. His chief diversion was in connection with matters of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which he was a member through Koltos Post, which formerly met in Stark's Hall, No. 12 7th street.

Before the war Schliermacher was a prosperous baker, and he sold that business to go to the front with the 8th New York Volunteers.

George Stark, proprietor of Stark's Hall, was a friend of Schliermacher's, and lately his chief audience. To him the veteran discoursed of the battles of "Blenheim's," as he called his regiment proudly, which marched to the war from the Bowery and Houston street. When the war was over it was to that neighborhood that Schliermacher was drawn, and apart from his service at the front, he was seldom away from that general neighborhood.

In his lonely little room the veteran had the walls covered with pictures and mementoes of his wartime comrades. He himself gained the rank of sergeant, and he never failed to be on hand at reunion times. On September 30 last, the fiftieth anniversary of the day he enlisted, he told Stark that there were only eight men of the eight hundred who had marched to the war. Since that day he had told Stark that two of the eight had answered the last "taps," and last Sunday he said:

"I won't be with you again, probably, George, and when I die I want to be buried from here."

That was in Stark's Hall, and Stark said yesterday that he would see to it that the old man had his wish.

Schliermacher's habits were methodical. He went to the same little restaurant every day for his meals, and at other times traveled slowly back and forth between his room, in East 5th street, and the hall, which was for many years the headquarters of his Grand Army post.

Mrs. Anna Sterns, janitress of the house, saw him yesterday returning from breakfast, and an hour later, as she was going out, saw him sitting near his window. She waved her hand at him, and he threw a kiss to her. Half an hour later, as she was going back into the house, she saw the old man sitting rather stiffly in his chair, and, thinking he looked rather pale, she tried his door. It was locked, and another look through the window showed her that he was dead. The police came, and found a note left by Schliermacher to William Hahn, an undertaker, of No. 42 East 9th street, who had been his friend for ten years, giving directions for his burial. In front of the body, hanging at a slight angle on the wall, a picture of Schliermacher in his uniform as a sergeant in the 8th Volunteers looked down upon the veteran's death.

**SHOOTS HIMSELF IN HEART**  
Lived Alone in East Side Room and Had Long Been a Sufferer from Asthma.

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"I won't be with you again, probably, George, and when I die I want to be buried from here."

**CLASS NEEDS YOUNG MEN**  
John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Plans Drastic Action.

To atone for the embarrassment which he caused Andrew Carnegie a week ago when the latter appeared before his Bible class at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church with a pocket full of notes for an address which he had prepared entitled "Advice to the Young" and found himself facing a row of bald heads and gray whiskers, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has issued a general order to the "young men's" class at that church to recruit its membership at once with bona fide young men.

The order, which was issued yesterday, at the end of a week of secret sessions, arguments and appeals of all sorts to the class members to do something to give themselves a youthful appearance, comes as the direct result of Mr. Carnegie's sarcasm. The Laird of Skibo had received an invitation a week ago from Mr. Rockefeller to address the class, choosing any subject he wished, and the invitation was accepted. In issuing this invitation Mr. Rockefeller referred to the class by the name by which it has been called for the last two decades and called it the "young men's" Bible class.

When Mr. Carnegie arrived at the appointed hour and came forward to speak to the class every eloquent peroration and well-turned phrase which he had prepared for the edification of the "young men" became a jumbled wreck as he cast his eyes over the assemblage before him. Forty gentlemen with bald heads, large horn-rimmed spectacles, and neatly creased white and gray beards filled every seat. Not one of them was under middle age. Mr. Carnegie was dumfounded, and when he had recovered himself sufficiently to utter a syllable he expressed himself in unmistakable language regarding the delusion into which he had been led by Mr. Rockefeller.

This painful incident moved Mr. Rockefeller to call a meeting of the class a few days ago. The matter was flatly put up to the members, and Mr. Rockefeller made it plain that something must be done at once to enable the class to live up or down to its reputation for youth. At this meeting some persons facetiously suggested wigs and hair dye. Others announced that they would do their part by shaving off their mustaches and whiskers and donning clothes of the college variety. These frivolities, however, were sternly rebuked by Mr. Rockefeller, who made it plain that the situation was one of perfect seriousness and that he meant it to be taken so by the "young men." No plan, however, could be determined upon at this meeting, and the problem was unsolved at its close.

Later in the week Mr. Rockefeller, realizing that the situation was becoming desperate, decided to tackle the matter alone. The result of his deliberations was yesterday's announcement, and when the class assembled for its lesson the following announcement was made:

"In order materially to reduce the aged appearance of the class members, each member is urgently requested to bring each day for his meals, and at other times traveled slowly back and forth between his room, in East 5th street, and the hall, which was for many years the headquarters of his Grand Army post."

Mrs. Anna Sterns, janitress of the house, saw him yesterday returning from breakfast, and an hour later, as she was going out, saw him sitting near his window. She waved her hand at him, and he threw a kiss to her. Half an hour later, as she was going back into the house, she saw the old man sitting rather stiffly in his chair, and, thinking he looked rather pale, she tried his door. It was locked, and another look through the window showed her that he was dead. The police came, and found a note left by Schliermacher to William Hahn, an undertaker, of No. 42 East 9th street, who had been his friend for ten years, giving directions for his burial. In front of the body, hanging at a slight angle on the wall, a picture of Schliermacher in his uniform as a sergeant in the 8th Volunteers looked down upon the veteran's death.

**AN APOLOGY TO CARNEGIE**  
Latter Found His "Advice to the Young" Didn't Fit Bald Heads and Gray Whiskers.

To atone for the embarrassment which he caused Andrew Carnegie a week ago when the latter appeared before his Bible class at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church with a pocket full of notes for an